

Democracy.

The county Democratic Central committee met yesterday. The following townships were represented: Sedalia, Lake Creek, Dresden, Green Ridge, Prairie, Cedar, Heath's Creek, Lamonte, Houstonia and Washington. Seven townships unrepresented.

The meeting was called for the purpose of selecting some mode of nominating a candidate for sheriff, to be voted for on the 13th, proximo.

The committee deferred action until Saturday, August 27, to which time it adjourned.

Taking into consideration the very short time intervening before the election, the action taken was quite extraordinary. The committee was now adjourned will meet sixteen days before the election. If a convention is called it will take eight days, at least to do that—then the election is eight days off. We shall see what we shall see.

ENGAGEMENT CLOSED.

Marie Prescott Closes Her Engagement in the "Twelfth Night."

There was a full house of Miss Prescott's admirers at the opera house last night to witness her again in "Twelfth Night," a play in which she and her support are a grand success.

Last night closed her engagement in Sedalia, and the Bazoo, with her many admirers will welcome her when she comes again. She is a pleasing artist made up of the refined nature, and ability to gain the admiration of her hearers.

At the matinee yesterday afternoon she presented "Pygmalion and Galatea," and was greeted with an appreciative audience.

Arrested for Forgery.

Marshal H. H. Still, of Holden was in the city armed with a warrant for Geo. Faulkner, who is charged with forgery.

In June, 1886, Faulkner was employed by S. A. Thompson, of Plattsburg, Mo., as a laborer. He paid him his wages, \$18, with a check on the banking house of Clay, Funkhouser. This check, it is charged, was raised by Faulkner to \$80—hence the warrant sworn out by Thompson.

Still arrested his man on Osage street yesterday afternoon. Faulkner having come to Sedalia Friday to attend the fair. He was taken west on last night's train.

The prisoner is about thirty years old and has a wife at Holden, where he resides.

Watermelon Committee.

An interesting feature of the fair yesterday was the awarding of the special premium of \$10, given by G. H. Shepherd, of Lamonte, for the largest and best watermelon. Three expert colored men were appointed as a committee to partake of the three entries and make the decision. They were Anderson Powell, Clem Jones, Geo. White and Geo. Thomas, all of watermelon fame, and after devouring a goodly portion of the melons, they awarded the premium to John Montgomery. They left enough, however, for the reporters and others in the stand to whet their appetites. The affair caused considerable amusement to those in the grand stand as the aged member of the committee eat from both hands with the relish of a starving man.

Sweet Springs.

Sweet Springs, August 20.—A Sunday concert will be given by Prof. Wm. Steinkuehler's large and noted orchestra of St. Louis, with the following programme:

Polonaise.....Weingarten
Overture—Rambler.....Moses
Selection—Gypsy Baron.....Strauss
Cornet Solo—"Do I Love Thee".....Wiegand
Carl Kietz.
Concert Waltz—"Honey-moon".....
Serenade.....Waldteufel.
Galop—"Won't You".....Baker

A Preacher Caned.

Denison, Tex., August 20.—J. O. Cook, a minister of the Catholic church here, was severely caned in the postoffice last evening by J. R. McGee. The facts, as well as can be learned, are as follows: Cook was standing in the postoffice writing a letter at the desk, when McGee came in with a stout ash broom-handle in use for a cane in his hand. He went to where the preacher was standing, and struck him over the head a stunning blow without speaking. This blow was followed up with half dozen more, which cut the preacher in the head and made him bleed profusely. McGee is a married man, and has lived at Denison some six months, and is about 45 years old. He and his wife separated a week since, and this difficulty has been brewing ever since then. The Rev. Cook is thought to have been implicated in the separation.

TO DEATH.

Major C. C. Dawson, of Pleasant Hill, Shot Dead in His Tracks.

The Assassin "Sneaked" Onto the County Jail Fearing Mob.

Pleasant Hill, Mo., August 20.—About noon yesterday Major C. C. Dawson, one of the best known and most popular citizens, met his death at the hands of a man who gave his name as T. J. Labor, who had only been in the town a few hours and was unknown.

At 12:30 o'clock Tabor and Major Dawson walked from Ashcroft's saloon toward Peltor's wagon shop on Commercial street. As they passed in front of the shop some words passed between the two men, showing some misunderstanding, and just as they reached the corner of the shop and were turning on the next street, Tabor suddenly drew a bulldog 44 calibre pistol and placing it almost against Major Dawson's breast fired three times. Two of the shots passed into his body and he staggered a few steps and fell dead without a word, Tabor still holding him.

THE MURDERER CAPTURED.

At this moment Joseph Moffat and Paul Handy ran up and one of them struck Tabor upon the head with a stick several times knocking him to the ground. He, however, sprang up and ran, the two men pursuing. He was soon captured and taken to the office of Dr. Smith where it was found that his head had been considerably cut and bruised but not seriously hurt.

In the mean time the remains of Major Dawson were taken to Whitsett's undertaker's rooms where an inquest was held, bringing out the above facts.

Soon after the killing and while Tabor's wounds were being dressed great crowds collected in groups upon the streets and excitement ran high. Sheriff Henley, who had come over from Harrisonville, and Constable Burgess hearing that a lynching party was forming hastily and quietly got their prisoner out the back way and placing him in a carriage drove to Harrisonville.

HARD CHARACTER.

Tabor is evidently a hard case, as burglar's tools were found in his possession, as well as false keys, a jimmy and other articles. It is the general opinion that if Tabor had been kept in town to-night he would have met death at the hands of an excited people, as Major Dawson was one of those quiet, accommodating men whom everybody liked.

The funeral of the dead man took place to-day at 1 p. m. from the residence of his brother-in-law, T. D. Cooley, one of the prominent business men of Pleasant Hill.

Tabor stated that his father and brother were in Nevada or Colorado, and they were telegraphed to, and their reply substantiated the man's statement.

Major Dawson, at the time of his death was in the employ of the Pacific railway at the Pleasant Hill station. Twenty years ago the deceased resided at Springfield, Mo., and was worth a large property. He met with reverse and took to strong drink, which soon impoverished him completely. He was a fine business man—capable in everything he undertook when not under the influence of red liquor.

LATER.

PLEASANT HILL, Mo., Aug. 20.—It has now been learned that Major Dawson, who was shot and killed yesterday by Charles Tabor, had just finished a game of pool with Tabor, and as the latter lost and had no money, he asked the major to settle which he did. The two then started down the street together, when the major jokingly remarked, "I guess I'll have to lock you up." Tabor instantly drew a revolver and fired two shots which took effect in the major's breast near the heart, causing instant death. When taken in custody a kit of burglar's tools was found in possession of the murderer, and it is supposed that he believed Major Dawson to be a detective and he feared arrest.

Pitcher's Sweet Revenge.

Chicago, Ill., August 19.—The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Miss Ada Hardy and Charles Pitcher, from Lakeview was cleared up to-day. Matthew Noble, a friend of Pitcher, vouching for the information that the couple were married secretly in Milwaukee a couple of weeks ago, and are now in Atchison, Kan., where the young man has a good position. The marriage and departure were unannounced because the feared opposition from the girl's parents. It is not denied that young Pitcher sought to be revenged upon his future father-in-law for causing his arrest as a deserter from the army, but the would-be-avenger fell in love with his enemy's daughter and then thought he might as well make his revenge as sweet as possible.

Hutchinson, Kan., Aug. 19.—Charles Pitcher and Addie Hardy are in this city. He admitted that they were not married, but intended to be to-morrow. He was arrested by the police of this city on an order from the chief of police of Chicago, where he is wanted on the charge of abduction and robbery.

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A HEARTLESS HUSBAND.

Another Story of Man's Perfidy And Woman's Worse Than Weakness.

Chicago, August 20.—"I can live with you no longer," said the heartless husband one day, "and we will have to separate."

"Why, Will, what have I done to you?" asked the crushed wife, crying piteously. "Have I not been a true woman to you, and will you desert me when you know what we both expect?"

"My parents don't think you are good enough for me. They say you have roped me in and abused their confidence and I will have to leave you forever," was his reply, and he made his word good; left his wife in the face of her dire extremity and then began to plan how to get rid of his incumbrance in legal form.

This is the story: Lulu Briggs, an orphan girl, barely 16, poor, intelligent, kindly of disposition and fair of face and form, came to live at the home of the Rev. Thomas B. Townsend, No. 549 Warren avenue, two years ago. In the Rev. Thomas' church, St. Luke's Episcopal, she was confirmed. The superintendent of the Sunday school, a member of the choir and member of a real estate firm was young Will Townsend, brown eyed, curly haired, handsome and a first regiment man. He was holy and safe, was William, so his circle of girl friends was large and estimable. Lulu Briggs, much appreciated in the Townsend home, fell a victim to his winning ways. The elders were somewhat absent, because the father was serving a new charge at Winnetka, and such a good young man as William easily placed the innocent girl in a position where a man's honor is her only safeguard. Friends were consulted, the parents being still ignorant, and the result was a quiet marriage at Wheaton, Ill. This was about April 5, 1886. Soon the Townsend's learned the situation, whereupon the father declared to marriage of a youth under age void and packed the poor girl away.

Well, Williams' manhood stood by him for about three weeks, so he kept his wife at his married sister's. Then came the crucial time in Lulu's experience, when the Townsend's tried to fix up a quiet divorce, and the distracted girl stood hesitating between a legal establishment and the love that would bind her husband to her. He was now of age. Well, she finally agreed to become plaintiff in a charge of cruelty and the complaint was sworn to by none other than her husband's brother, once a suitor for the poor girl's hand.

The scheme perfected, the parties visited the county court of Iroquois county, and not finding that open, planned for Livingston county. Meanwhile the facts of the situation were kept among a select few, and Father Townsend had provided \$1,000 for the girl when the divorce was granted. But at this stage young Will Townsend made a heartless break and everything is off. With another lady he walked past the house where she was, bowing in a gay and flippant way. Situated as she was she fell from the chair and passed the night in convulsions. She now withdraws her assent to divorce proceedings and mutual friends will not deliver the \$1,000. Will Townsend, last Wednesday slunk away toward the Northwest.

Such is another story of man's perfidy and the relevancy of the interview at the beginning of the chapter.

A Gala Day at Joplin, Mo.

Joplin, Mo., Aug. 20.—Yesterday was a gala day at Joplin. An excursion from Erie, Parsons, McCune and other Kansas towns arrived here yesterday morning on the Gulf road. The citizens had made grand preparations for the reception of the visitors. Main street was beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens, and across the street was a large horse shoe, and above a large banner, with the words:

Welcome to the City of Lead.

The excursion was gotten up under the auspices of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. A parade was given this afternoon by the Legions of Select Knights from Parsons and Joplin. At the close of the parade Sir Knight John Gillies, on behalf of Joplin Legion, presented Seigel Legion, No. 38, with a beautiful Maltese cross. The visitors were also entertained by a drill of the Fire Department, a baseball game, bicycle race, and a visit to the mines and other important industries in the city. The excursion party returned last night.

Poor Hoosiers.

Indianapolis, Ind., August 20.—The financial straits of the state of Indiana are indeed remarkable. Yesterday the state treasurer paid out the last dollar on hand, leaving no funds whatever on hand, although nearly a quarter of a million dollars are required to meet the expenses of the state government. The only recourse left is to call on county treasurers to advance funds on taxes not yet collected.

An Old Man Shot.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Aug. 20.—Wednesday night about 9 o'clock Samuel Gann, one of Buchanan county's best known and wealthiest farmers, was shot and probably fatally injured. It appears that Mr. Gann, who lives about eight miles south-east of this city, had gone to the well for a bucket of water, when he was confronted by a masked man who pointed a revolver at him and ordered him to throw up his hands. At this Mr. Gann raised the bucket of water and struck at the assailant, who fired, the shot taking effect in the right breast and going entirely through the body, lodged under the skin near the backbone.

After the man had fired a companion suddenly stepped around from the side of the house and fired twice, one shot striking the abdomen, penetrating the abdominal cavity. The thieves then fled, and have not been heard from since.

The second shot took effect in the abdomen and could not be located. A messenger was sent to this city and medical aid obtained, but the physicians state that there are but five chances in a hundred for his recovery.

Within an hour after the shooting the entire neighborhood was scouring the country, hunting for the would-be murderers, and at an early hour this morning a sheriff's posse of twenty men on horseback, armed with Winchester rifles, started for scene of the affray, and every thing possible will be done to effect their capture.

The men are described as being a large one and a small one.

Mr. Gann is 64 years of age, has a wife, two grown daughters and two sons, and is estimated to be worth over \$250,000, and is widely known in this city and throughout northwest Missouri.

Robbery was, beyond a doubt, the motive for the crime, for which he was supposed to keep large sums of money about his house, though the assassins fled without making any further attempt to secure booty.

HORRIBLE DEATH.

An Engineer Scalded to Death in a Wreck.

Kansas City, Aug. 20.—At 7:30 o'clock last evening as switch engine No. 216, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road was speeding along the track near Argentine, she suddenly jumped the track and turning about half round fell over on her side, lying directly across the roadbed. At the time of the accident the engine was carrying five men: Engineer Dan Sayles, Fireman Charles Thomas, Switchmen C. H. Critchfield, Robert Sampson and John Leahy. As the locomotive toppled over Sampson was thrown beneath it and pinned to the ground by the ponderous mass of hot iron. The valves being thrown open by the crash the unfortunate man was deluged with boiling water and scalding steam for nearly two hours until those of his comrades who were uninjured could release him. When this was done he was found to be horribly scalded, the flesh dropping in flakes from his bones. He suffered intense agony until 1 o'clock this morning, when he died. John Leahy had his leg broken and received several severe scalp wounds. He was taken to the Sisters' hospital and will probably recover.

Sayre and Critchfield were both severely scalded about the head and breast and somewhat bruised, but not fatally. Of the five men Fireman Thomas is the only one escaping serious injury, he not being hurt with the exception of a few slight bruises. The engine is a total wreck. The track was blocked, and delayed the west bound passenger trains some four hours, until a track could be laid around the wreck. Sampson leaves a wife but no children. He and his wife have lived at Argentine for several years, and were highly respected.

After a Flown Bird.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 20.—Hon. W. J. Campbell, of Chicago, was in the city yesterday and had a conference with Governor Oglesby in regard to the extradition of McGarrigle, the Cook county hoodler, who is in Canada making faces at the Chicago officials. Nothing was done with the case, but it is understood that papers will be issued and an effort made to land the prisoner at Joliet. While it is not known what is the cause of the delay it is certain that there is a serious hitch somewhere. A few days, however, will develop where the trouble is.

Downing's Resignation.

Jefferson City, August 20.—Acting Governor Morehouse to-day received and accepted the resignation of Senator Downing, of Lewis county. The senator who is the father of the celebrated "Downing law" had two years to serve, but resigned to become an attorney of a railroad company. He will make his home in Kansas City.

TALE OF A MISER.

Worth \$40,000, Yet Lived Worse Than a Brute.

New York, Aug. 20.—Amid the most squalid and filthy surroundings imaginable, the police and health officers Friday found a gaunt and hoary-headed old miser starving himself to death in a garret at No. 123 Cannon street. The house, which is midway between Stanton and East Houston streets, is a two story white frame structure, owned by John Mathews, of No. 126 Sheriff street, and is occupied on the ground floor, by the Old No. 44 Live Oak Association. The second floor is occupied by Mrs. McArdle, formerly the wife of Francis Clarke, the famous old-time President of the association. In the basement lives a Mrs. Grossman, who works out by the day.

The most interesting, and at the same time most objectionable, tenant is the old miser, who has been persistently starving himself for twelve weeks past, until now he is nothing but a skeleton. His name is Julius Weisbaden. He is about seventy-five years of age, tall and yellow-skinned, with long and matted white hair, shaggy eyebrows and unkempt gray mustache and whiskers. He has apparently not had a bath in many months. The old man has been the sole occupant of the garret for upward of two years, but it is only within the past three months that his strange and filthy habits have become noticeable. Only once in the past three weeks has he been visible to the other occupants of the house, and that was one morning when he crawled out to the hydrant, or sink, in the hall to get some water to drink. Many a time the kind-hearted women in the house essayed to fetch him something to eat, but on all occasions he would keep the door locked and decline all nourishment.

Naturally his mode of living resulted in sickening odors emanating from his rooms pervading the whole house. The occupants repeatedly made efforts to get into his room, but in vain, until at last they notified the police. Roundsman Flanagan visited the place Saturday, but was denied admission, and the following day he again went there, accompanied by several officers. They were about to force open the door when the key turned, a couple of bolts were drawn back and the old miser stood before them, looking for all the world like an apparition of Rip Van Winkle.

When he beheld the officers in uniform he quaked from head to foot, whined like a child and staggered backwards towards a big trunk. He fell upon his knees and hugged the trunk, exclaiming in a feeble and guttural voice:

"What do you want here? You can't come in here. This is mine, all mine."

Then he became more composed as he noticed the peaceful intentions of the officers and fell upon the floor. He soon recovered, however, and in answer to the officers' questions said that he was not starving and that he had all he wished and money too. To prove this last assertion he pulled from the corner of the trunk a roll of bank notes and also several bank books which he flourished in the officers' face, but quickly hid them again. Seeing that the man was not in want of funds, the officers withdrew and told the residents that they could do nothing. Last evening Mrs. McArdle went to police headquarters and reported the case to the health authorities, who will make an investigation. The old miser who is almost a corpse, will be removed to the hospital.

A reporter last night visited the place. Strangely enough the door was open, but the room was dark. A lamp was borrowed, and a strange sight greeted the eyes of the visitors. On an old chair near the door sat the man bolt upright and fast asleep. He wore only a filthy shirt and a pair of duck trousers. The long, gaunt and black fingers of his hands were intertwined and rested in his lap, and he looked as if grim death had already claimed him. Several loud calls and stamps upon the floor failed to awaken him, and he only opened his eyes widely on being rudely shaken by the shoulders.

"What do you want? Robbers! Murder! Go out! Leave me alone! It's all mine!" he exclaimed in rapid succession. But he could not move from his chair. Beside him was a board on a barrel serving as a table. On this was a glass half full of stale beer, a little old kerosene lamp without oil or chimney and a few dirty kitchen utensils. The floor was bare and dirty. The only other furniture in the room was an old lounge, an antiquated clock on the wall and a huge trunk in which he is supposed to have his treasure. In a closet was a dirty mattress on the floor, with a box under it for a pillow, and this was the old miser's cot. In this closet was another large trunk that was locked, strapped and bound many times with a rope.

When the visitors entered these rooms the old man was almost beside himself, screaming and gesticulating, and making signs for them to leave, which they were glad to do after a hasty glance.

For a number of years before coming to his present hovel he lived at No. 123 Sheriff street with a family named Matthews. At that time he was employed as a salesman in the coffee and tea warehouse of B. Fischer & Co., 183 to 187 Duane street, with whom he was for twenty-two years until recently. He made a great deal of money on commissions and saved it all. He frequently spoke to them of his past, saying he came from Wiesbaden, Germany, many years ago, leaving his wife and two daughters behind. They were all wealthy, as were also his own family, but he had to leave the country. Why, he would not tell. During the civil war he intimated that he was a regular "bounty jumper," from which source he amassed about \$20,000. All this he saved, and most of it is invested in bonds. Some five or six years ago he boasted that he had enough for life; but of late, becoming old and not so successful as formerly, he imagined he was going to become poor, and began depriving himself of all nourishment. Three times a week he would call up some children and give them ten cents with which to get a quart of lager beer. This he kept in a stone pitcher and set in a bucket of water to keep cool, and would drink a

Some Special Bargains!

IF SOLD AT ONCE BY

W. L. PORTER.

House, 3 rooms, and lot, 336 west Pettis street.....\$ 650
House, 3 rooms, with one acre of ground, No. 520 N Grand av.... 800
House, 4 rooms, with 2 lots, 807 W Main street.....1,500
House, 6 rooms, corner lot, 501 W Fourth.....1,600
House, 4 rooms, and lot, 607 E Ninth street.....800
House, 5 rooms and lot, 1448 Kentucky street.....1,400
House, 3 rooms, and cellar, good well and stable, corner lot, 1422 Kentucky street.....850
House, 4 rooms, 2 lots, 921 East Fifteenth street.....950

Also, a large number of residences in all parts of the city at lowest prices. Special bargains in city lots, acre property in all directions in tracts of from 2 acres to 160 acres each.

Money to loan on real estate.

W. L. PORTER,

Rooms 1 and 2, Porter's Block,
Cor. Main and Ohio Streets, Sedalia, Mo.

mouthful or two occasionally. This was all the nourishment that passed his mouth in many weeks. He always paid his rent, however, which was \$6 a month, but grudgingly, saying he would move to cheaper quarters, but was afraid he would lose some of his things. On several occasions Mrs. McArdle and others who chanced to peep into the room saw the old miser counting over bonds and money. They saw him groping around corners of the room and under trunks and mattresses and feeling with a broomstick under the floor, which had holes, while he patted the sides of the room with his hands. It is supposed that he has money hidden in many little out of the way places, and those who know him best estimate that he has all the way from \$40,000 to \$60,000.

An Indiana Criminal Captured.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 20.—Francis Marion Fox, a laborer, whose house is at No. 2204 Harrison street, was locked up at police headquarters yesterday for a crime committed near Columbia, Ind., six years ago. In 1881 Fox removed to Illinois with his wife and two sons, and in the latter part of that year he returned to Columbia for the purpose of selling his farm, seven miles from that city. He did this and while at Columbia called at the house of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Pittman, and tried to persuade her to elope with him. She refused. He called a second time and met with the same answer, but he was persistent and remained at Columbia for three days. He called again on the third day, but was refused. Then he drew a revolver and shot Mrs. Pittman three times. He left her in a pool of blood and thinking that she was dead, fled from the state. Fox rejoined his family in Illinois after a short time, but fearing detection, removed to Southern Missouri about three years ago and came to Kansas City about a year since. He found work and at the time of his arrest was in the employ of Contractor T. F. Ryan, on the grading of Indiana avenue. Mrs. Pittman fully recovered, and in the meantime Fox was indicted for attempted murder. Detective Greely and Sheriff Brown found him at his home yesterday morning and he seemed greatly surprised when they told him he was wanted. At first he denied any knowledge of the affair, but on his way down to police headquarters, he admitted that he had shot Mrs. Pittman, but attempted to justify it by saying that she fired the first shot. Sheriff Brown will start for Indiana with his prisoner to-day.

Fox had made no statement when a reporter saw him in his cell. His family had known nothing of his crime, and were overcome when the officers told them of it. His two sons were also working for contractor Ryan.

The Chatsworth Dead All Identified.

Peoria, Ill., Aug. 20.—There are no unidentified dead now here from the great wreck on the Toledo, Peoria and Western road, the last one having been claimed to-day. On Wednesday P. C. Pittis, a lawyer, of Chillicothe; L. C. Hicks, the father-in-law, and Samuel Hicks, the brother-in-law of the late Mrs. Hicks, of Chillicothe, who was among the dead of the wreck, went to Eureka, having been led to believe from the published description that the remains which had been interred there as those of Mrs. Mahala Clay might be those of Mrs. Hicks. The clothing was in such a condition that it had also been buried, but on the arrival of the party from Chillicothe it was taken up and promptly recognized as that of Mrs. Hicks. Another way by which the Chillicothe party recognized the dead woman was from the teeth. Mrs. Hicks had a full upper set of false teeth. This was found to be the case with the corpse, while Mrs. Clay had only four false teeth. The body was disinterred and brought to Peoria to-day, leaving on a Rock Island train for Chillicothe this evening.

On the same train that brought the body from Eureka came the daughter of Mrs. Clay and a party of five friends, who called on the coroner. They went out to Springdale cemetery this afternoon and the body of the hitherto unknown woman being disinterred, was at once recognized by the daughter and friends as that of Mrs. Clay. It will not be removed from here until fall.